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The Evening World Prints Associated

Press News.

THE REASON?

RESULTS!

858,056

"Help Wanted" and "Situa-

tions Wanted" "Wants" were

published in THE WORLD last

year.

187,882

of the same classifications were

published by the newspaper that

held second place.

FALSE IDENTIFICATION

A pretended identification of the victim

of Long Island's latest murder mystery,

at Glendale, has just been exposed, and

a logical theory as to the crime itself thus

knocked into smithereens. In the case of

the long unknown "M. E. J. of Tarry-

town, a similar case of false identification

perplexed and then relieved and then

dismayed the authorities. And still

farther back there were recorded the

various identifications of the Astor House

suspect. Other cases of like nature will

be recalled by readers, and more of them

seem which never see the light of pub-

licity.

Not in all these instances is the false

testimony given a mistake. In more than

one of them the declared identifier is

almost self-evidently the victim of a

crime involving mysterious death. It

only helps to make more credible the

veil surrounding a dark deed. It

causes a waste of time in following up

leading clues, during every moment of

which some process may be at work to

cover up real bits of evidence.

At present there seems to be no method

of punishing the pretenders. The de-

fectives and authorities can only be on

the most careful guard against them, sift-

ing their stories thoroughly, taking care

that they are kept within reach of long

search, and, meanwhile, not stopping

because an identification seems so sure,

all hints and clues leading in other di-

rections.

A MERRY WAR IN SUGAR.

Refined sugar, which two years ago,

after the formation of the Sugar Trust,

sold for 24 cents per pound, has been

quoted within a few days at 32 cents per

pound, cash, to wholesalers, and over

retail counters it has passed at the rate of

three and one-half pounds for the dollar.

The cause of this war, it is said, is

the fact that the Trust has decided to

beaten, since he stands alone.

But he is not alone. He has a host of

allies. He has a host of allies. He has a

host of allies. He has a host of allies.

He has a host of allies. He has a host of

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host of allies. He has a host of allies.

He has a host of allies. He has a host of

one case where the pretended will hold

an advantage over the real.

A strange fish, with four rows of teeth,

has been found off the Jersey coast. No

fishermen ought to have waited in vain

for a bite in that neighborhood.

It was a bad dream, after all, that

seized the Maine fishers' boats off East-

port. Canada has awakened and will

give the boats up.

For a time Philadelphia may forget its

foes of fugitive bankers and a looted

treasury. There's a real new Chinese

lady in town.

There is no failure in the crop of in-

ventions. Applications for 15,000 acres

from the Pacific Office, in all classes,

were filed during the year ending July 1.

Pennsylvania fires the first Blaine gun.

Merced County's Convention has declared

for the Plumed Knight in 1892.

The pavers' strike is over, and joyful

sound will ring from the very stones of

the long-suffering streets.

So there is to be a green glass strike.

The imp of the bottle must be in it.

THE CLEANER.

Senator Roscoe seems to be in that unhappy

position of the man who tried to sit down on

two stools. He wants to be re-elected for

the Senate in the Seventh, and feeling that

this is by no means certain, desires also to be

a candidate for governor. The consequence

of his conduct towards the stockholders, who

brought him out, will count heavily against

him should he run again for the Senate, and

this is related by the party managers.

Again, Roscoe's record in the Senate has not

pleased all of those who voted for him, and

so any way or another the outcome looks

uncertain.

There is a little humor in the indictment

of the papers for printing the Sing Sing elec-

torship. The Tribune objected, so no list

was found against it.

Tam told that ex-Speaker Reed made great

friends with the Speaker of the House of

Commons, and has invited him to visit this

country and be entertained at Mr. Reed's

mansion at Portland, Me.

Frank Brockton's quaintness crops out in

his story of the "squirrel hunt" now running

in the Evening. While reading it one can im-

agine that the author is present and har-

monizing it.

Mayor Grant told me the other day that he

would not run for governor, and I am not sur-

prised. He is of that class of politicians who

are afraid of their own shadow.

A young artist, who has a picture in the

Salon, dropped in yesterday to ask if there

was an opening for a tiny newspaper illus-

tration. There is little chance for a young

artist in America," he said. "Models are

very expensive, and it costs more than ten

times as much to put his picture on canvas.

Thereafter his time he cannot sell it, for

buyers prefer making their purchases abroad.

I am glad to hear that Mr. George Jones, of

the Times, who has been critically ill at

Poland Springs, is on the fair road to recovery.

His physicians hope to have him up and about

in a few days.

The florist says that the sweet pea blossom

has been a great favorite this summer. It is

fragrant, pretty and cheap, so we cannot

wonder.

Mr. James A. Coogan's statement that he

was not paid \$50,000 to run for Mayor

against the regular nominee in 1888, may be

relied upon. The story that he did is

purely a piece of imagination. The Republican

managers at that time were not over-supplied

with money and had none to throw away.

Any one who is acquainted with Edward P.

Seawell, who inherits Mark Hopkins's widow's

\$200,000, knows that he is not likely to

court a contest of the wall. I am willing to

wager that the first effort in this direction

will bring out a series of comedies.

The San Diego Hotel, on Eighth avenue, is

rapidly approaching completion. It is situated

between Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth

streets, and occupies about three-quarters of

the block. The hotel is eight stories in height,

and will be handsomely fitted up with all the

latest and most approved appliances.

A very small little witness in a well-known

"history" on Fifth Avenue, which is the most

daily morning paper meeting with the

public proprietor, complete all of his help to

attend. "Why," said she to me the other

day, "the first thing you know you find a

couple on your back check, making it obli-

gatory upon you to take in a service of song

along with your beer."

What's the difference there between big feet and

big feet?

If you see a man with a doublet, suspect him

at once.

Bel Rock—Some of the mattresses we meet in

bedrooms.

The shuffling foot is of much more value than

the shuffling foot.

One's count has made a little point of 200,

000 more than last year.

Headed but hair died.

"I thought you died."

Perhaps false as well as dead.

Business men are on strike for the Court d'Ar-

range. Each of the lawyers there has received

\$1,000 from the Government.

Sell, O.K., claims to have two dragons living

about in the vicinity. So far they have been

found in the vicinity. A reply to the

above.

The World City suggests Credit for Governor.

Perhaps he will be a little bit less than

Victor's like Victor's place.

Of course, the King's Daughters has taken in

the money and the money is being

known as the "International Order of King's

Daughters and Sons."

A More Subject.

(From Monday's World.)

Chicago Editor—Your paper, I fear, will

hardly suit me, madam. Your feet are all

wrong.

Chicago Editor—Sir?

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

Her Memory Silenced.

A Myrtle avenue car, Brooklyn, had

just turned off Fulton street when two

men called to the conductor and waved

their hands, and three or four boys whis-

tered on their fingers, and a woman ran up

to the middle of the street, waving her parasol.

The car stopped, and she reached it to

embrace.

"Dear me! but why didn't you see me

way back there?"

"Thought you'd wait for the next car,"

replied the conductor.

"I can't wait a minute! I guess it will

run now before I get home."

"You won't get very wet with an um-

brella."

"But I came away from home this

morning and forgot to take in the clothes

line, you know! Please tell the driver to

put on a little extra speed!"

His Embodiment of Sorrow.

A man who was carrying a very much

interior with a pail on his head, and

whose countenance exhibited great per-

turbation, accosted a policeman near the

foot of Chambers street yesterday and

asked to know if there was anything on

the line of this house that could be said to

be held sacred in New York.

"Loss of sin," solemnly replied the

officer. "What's the trouble with you?"

"Well, I was down here at a place to

see a man. I did see him and was com-

ing away when a young man stood up to

me and says he observes that I am wear-

ing an emblem of sorrow. I replied that

I am, and that it is for my uncle who died

last week."

"Then you had a word on this line, did

you?" queried the officer.

"I did. I thought it in Emerson. It

was the finest word I could lay my hand

on, and it was only three days old."

The young man observed that he was

not a thing and I agree with him. Then

he told me that he had lately had his

last mother and is feeling all broke

up because he has no money to buy a

word for his hat. It was on his hat

heart-sick to go around and see other

people wearing words for their hats.

While he was saying these things, he

was looking at the policeman and

when he was saying he was looking at

him, he was saying he was looking at

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